

... THE ...

Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xiii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS issue of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC will be in the hands of our readers before the close of the services in Masonic Temple in connection with the Twenty-first Anniversary, which have continued every Sunday evening during the month of May. The expenses of those meetings have been considerable, but the congregations have been much larger than could be accommodated in the chapel of Christ's Mission. The addresses delivered at the opening services of the anniversary will be found elsewhere in this issue, and also a statement of the collections at the meetings.

What we would impress now upon our friends who have sustained this work by their prayers, good wishes and contributions in money, is that we need one thousand dollars to clear Christ's Mission building of debt. It would be a happy rounding out of our Twenty-first Anniversary if the mortgage could be burned, and the Mission freed from debt in June. To do this only one thousand dollars are needed. We hope all our friends will pray and work for God's blessing upon the enterprise.

The Most Pressing Need—\$1,000.

Much space is devoted this month to the reports of the addresses at the Twenty-first Anniversary. If any reader should think too much is said about the event, there is some comfort in the thought that it will not occur again. Only once in life does a person attain his majority. We hope there will be a Silver Jubilee in 1905, and that some of our readers will live to see a Golden Jubilee of Christ's Mission in the next century, if the Lord should tarry.

But in the meantime there is work to be done, and that which is most pressing is the payment of the debt on the Mission. The spiritual work can then be better done. The mind will be clearer, the heart will be lighter, and zeal will be intensified when that burden is lifted.

It has not been a heavy burden by any means, though it was unsought and unexpected when entering upon this work twenty-one years ago. But kind friends in all parts of the United States, literally from Maine to California, have shared the responsibility, and by their aid, with the blessing of God over all and in all that has been done, the work has been carried on to its present condition of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard.

If it is true, and it is true, that "By their fruits ye shall know them," then the readers of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC are the most fruitful Christians. All of them, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, have contributed to the support of this work; some by their subscriptions and others by gifts now and then as the work progressed. May God bless them! They are of all denominations in the Church of Christ, and they all love the Lord Jesus, for it is love of Him that made them His co-workers in this cause.

It only remains now to make up one thousand dollars to pay off the last item of debt on the Mission Building, and if

that amount is received within the next few weeks the mortgage can be burned and the building will be free, as free as the Gospel that has been preached there. Let all the friends who have hitherto sustained the work do what they can at this time, and they will rejoice with us to see no more the announcement—

**"CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT."**

We want that heading to disappear from THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. Then it will be a better magazine.

A gift to Christ's Mission or to the Pastor in recognition of his twenty-one years' work in this cause would be an encouragement to other Christian workers who toil in hard places. What kind of work this has been was indicated by Dr. Burrell in his address at the anniversary services:—"It is an awful place to put a man, as in this Christ's Mission, to fight the Pope and the whole Roman hierarchy, and the world, the flesh and the devil!"

The Lord has Helped Us.

Many times our dearest friends have advised us to quit and accept the pastorate in a regular congregation where the protection and support of a great denomination would be afforded. But long ago we read and accepted Latimer's word of encouragement to Ridley—"Be of good cheer, Master Ridley; play the man." And we remember Luther's word at the Diet of Worms when the powers of the world, represented by the Emperor Charles V., and of the Church were arrayed against him—"Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me! Amen." Paul's word to Timothy was: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And for himself the Apostle said: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

If, as Dr. Burrell continued, we have been a "sweet hard fighter, and the fire in our eye is the kind that bakes bread," it is because our faith has been well founded and we have advanced in the strength of the Lord. There is no honor and glory from men in a work like this. The wealth of the world could not pay for it, and it could not be done for money. Our joy is that it has been a work of faith and a labor of love. During these anniversary exercises when we remember the hard fights that have been forced upon us and which were fought on our knees before God and not for the public eye, the heart goes out in thankfulness to Almighty God for His protecting care, and to the many dear friends who have stood by us and sustained us these many years. It is a hard place to put a man, from the point of view of worldly wisdom, without a salary or any guarantee whatever for support, and with the opposition and ill-will of the greatest human organization the world has ever seen. But now after twenty one years we can say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Converted Pries's Must Not be Persecuted.

We have a word of advice for the Franciscan priests at Butler and Patterson, N. J., and it is this: Stop your persecution of the Rev. Alphonsus Hauberich, the young priest who left your Order and came to Christ's Mission last March. He has renounced your Church with all its superstitions, deceptions and frauds, and has become a Protestant Christian. Leave him alone. Do not persecute him, as you have been doing for the last month. The priests who come to Christ's Mission must be protected. Rome has sent her spies to our Mission Home, and scores of letters have been received, of which the following is a sample:

BUTLER, N. J., April 27, 1900.

Rev. dear Sir:—Please, excuse me, that I ask you for a favor. You know my relation to Father A. Hauberich.

The report came here that he was sick in one of the hospitals. I wish to find out, whether this be true or not. If it should be so, will you not have the kindness to let me know his whereabouts? If your Reverence should not feel like answering, please tell him that I love him and will never forget him.

With my sincerest wishes, I remain,
FATHER BONAVENTURE, O. F. M.

Father Bonaventure is the Superior of the Franciscan Order in Butler, and the chief manipulator of the "Shrine of St. Anthony," which yields thousands of dollars every year. In reply to his letter we said it was false that Father Hauberich was sick. He was not in the hospital, but was well and happy. He is preaching and lecturing in German churches every Sunday. Leave him alone, Father Bonaventure; do not tell false stories about him, or you will get into trouble. Personally we can stand any quantity and quality of abuse, but the priests who come to us must be protected.

A CONVERTED ITALIAN PRIEST.

CHRIST'S MISSION seems to have a special call for the evangelization of the foreign element in our country. Many of the priests who have come to it out of the Roman Catholic Church have

in New Haven and pursuing a course of study in Yale Seminary.

Two years before him another Italian priest, Rev. Antonio Milanese, was at Christ's Mission, and was soundly con-



REV. ANTONIO MILANESE.

later been called of God to labor among their countrymen.

In the May CONVERTED CATHOLIC there appeared a picture and sketch of Rev. Marcus Mazzuca, the Italian priest who came to Christ's Mission in 1898, and is now laboring among the Italians

verted. He is now preaching among the Italians in Pittston, Pa., under the direction of the Lackawanna Presbytery. Like Brother Mazzuca he is a young man. Both are very intelligent and are filled with zeal for the conversion of their brethren.

A POLISH NOBLEMAN AND A CONVERTED PRIEST.

In 1863 when the Editor was a student at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, a Polish nobleman was among his classmates. At that time the partition of Poland was still fresh in people's minds, and we remember with

from his parish in Pennsylvania. We invited him to be a guest of the Mission. He accepted our hospitality and remained three months. It was the clearest case of conversion ever witnessed at Christ's Mission. Dr. Paul



REV. T. V. JAKIMOWICZ.

what pathetic interest this ecclesiastical student of noble birth was regarded. We did not meet a native of Poland again in personal acquaintance until, in the winter of 1895-6, another Polish nobleman and a priest, Rev. T. V. Jakimowicz, came to Christ's Mission

Pollach was then at the Mission. After a course of Bible Study at the Moody Institute, Chicago, Brother Jakimowicz, whose nobility of character is expressed in his countenance, was placed in charge of the Baptist Mission for Poles in that city, where he is doing good work.

1879 — TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY — 1900. SERVICES IN MASONIC TEMPLE.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1900.

THE services in connection with the Twenty first Anniversary of the Evangelistic work that Rev. James A. O'Connor has been conducting in New York City, were held in Masonic Temple, Sunday afternoon and evening, April 29. Large congregations filled the great hall at both meetings, and the enthusiasm displayed by the friends of the work was not of the subdued kind, especially when Dr. MacArthur arraigned the Roman Catholic Church for its alliance with the basest politicians and the most corrupt political ring the city has known since the days of Tweed.

Scores of old friends who had gathered around Mr. O'Connor in the early days of this work were present, many with whitened hair, but with faces lit up with joy, and it was a time of refreshing to greet these tried and true friends. Not many mighty, not many powerful in the eyes of the world were present, for the Roman Church has many friends among wealthy and influential Protestants in New York. In all the years of Mr. O'Connor's work those "friends of Rome" have not given him a word of encouragement. But he did not complain of this, only it makes his work harder when wealthy Protestants support the Roman Catholic Church.

In appealing for contributions to pay the debt on Christ's Mission Mr. O'Connor said that the emissaries of the Pope or of the "Father of Lies" had circulated the false report that he had received a legacy of \$300,000. That was done on the eve of his anniversary to prevent people from helping the work of the Mission. But he forgave all his enemies. In this case as in others the wrath of man shall praise the Lord. Some time God would raise up Christian

friends who would give money to carry on and extend this work.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Address of Rev. James A. O'Connor.

Twenty one years ago this work was commenced by holding services in various halls in this city—services like that for which we are assembled here to day, simple, evangelical and Christian.

We have passed through the years of minority and have graduated in the school of experience. Let us rejoice to-day that after that period of time we meet here, having attained our majority in Christian life and work.

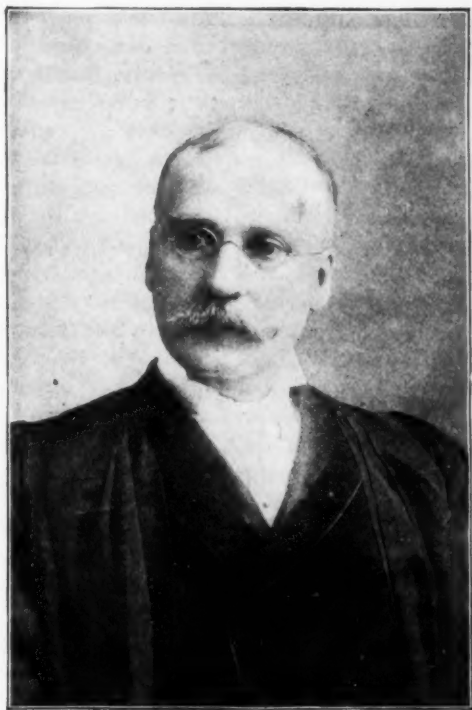
When I began to preach in Masonic Temple in 1881 Dr. MacArthur was pastor of Calvary Baptist Church on Twenty-third Street, not more than one hundred feet from this corner. To-day he is with us, still pastor of Calvary Church, now on Fifty seventh street, larger and finer than his first church, now and always a kind, loving friend.

Two years after I began to preach in Masonic Temple I was invited out to Iowa to preach and lecture at the summer assembly in Clear Lake, and there I met a young Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell. I learned to love him then; and, as you know, love begets love, his love and kindness have never grown cold during all these years. When he became minister of the Collegiate Reformed Church in this city nine years ago our friendship was renewed, and he has come here to day on the occasion of our Twenty-first Anniversary to bring us a word of greeting. I have now the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Burrell and introducing him to the congregation.

A DEAR FRIEND OF CHRIST'S MISSION.

THE Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., was born at Mount Pleasant, Pa., in 1844. He prepared for college in Phillips Academy, Andover, and was graduated from Yale University in the class of '67, with highest literary honors, taking the DeForest gold medal for oratory. He entered Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1867, and graduated three years later.

Church of Minneapolis, and in four years he had a membership of 1,400. In May, 1891, he accepted a call to the Marble Collegiate Church of New York City, his present field of labor. Although he started with only a small congregation, the auditorium is now filled both morning and evening, and the membership has increased at the rate of over one hundred a year.



David J. Burrell

After four years of mission work in Chicago, where he was one of Mr. Moody's helpers in the early days of the work of the great evangelist, he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Dubuque, Ia. In 1887 he was called to the Westminster Presbyterian

In preaching he speaks without manuscript, and this enables him to deliver his sermons with great freedom and force. He is progressive in methods of Church work and conservative in doctrine. He is a firm believer in the whole Bible, as truly as was Mr. Moody.

Greeting by Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

I remember that meeting out in Iowa very well, probably better than our friend—Father O'Connor, I had almost said, and it will not hurt him if I do so call him.

I have a Bible which I have used constantly since that time. At first I had my suspicion of converted priests. I was brought up to look askance at the Catholic Church, and when this gentleman came to the assembly as a converted priest, I was not definitely sure that he was out of the woods yet. I cast sheep's eyes at him for a good many days, till one day I asked him if he would put something on the blank leaf in my Bible between the Old and the New Testaments, and he wrote one line, which just settled my doubts forever. He did not write anything against the Roman Catholics. The line that he wrote was this: "A seeking sinner finds a seeking Saviour." There is a tremendous amount of truth in the Old Testament, and there is an immense amount of truth in the New Testament, but there is nothing truer in the Old Testament or in the New Testament than is written on the fly-leaf between them, "A seeking sinner finds a seeking Saviour."

So I gave him a right hand then with a pulse beating hot with friendship in it, and now that he has attained his working majority and is able to cast a good Christian vote here I give him a right hand again. It is true that my prayerful friendship has been with him and his with me.

I do not intend to make a speech, for we ministers get tired of speaking. We are like the little girl in the infant class, who when asked by her teacher, "Well, missie, what is it?" said, "I am tired of Moses and the bulrushes." I am not here to-day to make a speech, but simply to say to Brother O'Connor, "God bless you!"

It is an awful place to put a man here in this Mission to fight the Pope and the whole hierarchy, and the world, the flesh and the devil; but I call you to witness that he is the sweetest hard fighter in the world. He can kill a man with more grace than any other I ever saw. The fire in his eye is the kind that bakes bread. That is the kind, but it is fire, nevertheless.

I do not like to call him a Protestant. I think he would rather have me call him a Christian man.

That is all I am here for to-day to say, "God bless you, God bless you, God bless you in your work! my dear Brother O'Connor." What is this he has been doing all these years? Is it a fact that sixty men have come to Brother O'Connor out of the priesthood to say that they want to get out of the darkness into the light? There are sixty of these men—God keep him from being self-righteous and proud—who have come to him to know just how to cross the bridge. We ought to give him our prayers, our blessing and our loving, helpful sympathy.

I like to think of what John Huss wrote the night before he went to the stake to be burned. He had been sentenced to die, and he went to the flames, as you remember, wearing a pointed fool's cap with yellow devils painted all over it. The day before his death, when he came from the judgment hall, where he had been sentenced to die for insisting that no man must come between him and the face of God, all the people crowding about him, and not a solitary face being there to cheer him, he felt a hand squeeze through and take hold of his hand in a kind and most friendly grip. In his cell, just before his death, he wrote these words, "God bless John of Chlum for that right hand of his!"

Brother O'Connor is all right now, but there have been times when he would have given a good deal for a right hand.

I wonder if it has been worth while for him to do this work these twenty-one years. I wonder whether it was worth while for his predecessor, Martin Luther, his original predecessor I was going to say, to come out of the monastery with a hammer and parchment and nail up his ninety five theses on the door of the church at Wittenburg. It was a very little thing to do, but the sound of that hammer went further than an earthquake. It went around the world and started the Reformation.

How can you tell how many souls will go to heaven because a converted priest did that work, the same that our beloved friend is doing now?

What does it mean? What does it signify? What is he trying to do? What is the point of the business he is in? It is just this. Let us go back to old Diogenes in his tub. He put the whole thing just as it ought to be. When the great king Alexander came by, and said to that old cynic, "What can I do for you?" He replied, "If you will just get out of my light, that is all." Get out of the light. God help me to get out of your light! God forbid that Presbytery, Ecumenical Council or any body or association on this earth should get in our light! No man must interfere with the straight line of vision between us and the Great White Throne. All we can do is to say: "There is Christ—Prophet, Priest and King! I am nothing. He is first, last, midst, all in all!" That is what Luther found out. That is what the Reformation meant.

One day Luther was found in the monastery, standing under a crucifix, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he said, "fuer mich," "fuer mich"—"for me," "for me." That is the whole Gospel. That is the Old Testament; that is the New Testament; that is Genesis to Malachi; that is Matthew to Revelation—"fuer mich!"

Did you come in here to-day by chance or out of curiosity? Do you know what that means, "fuer mich"? Has any priest come between you and Him? Get face to face with Jesus Christ.

My friend here and old Diogenes are working in the same line, to get people to stand out of your light.

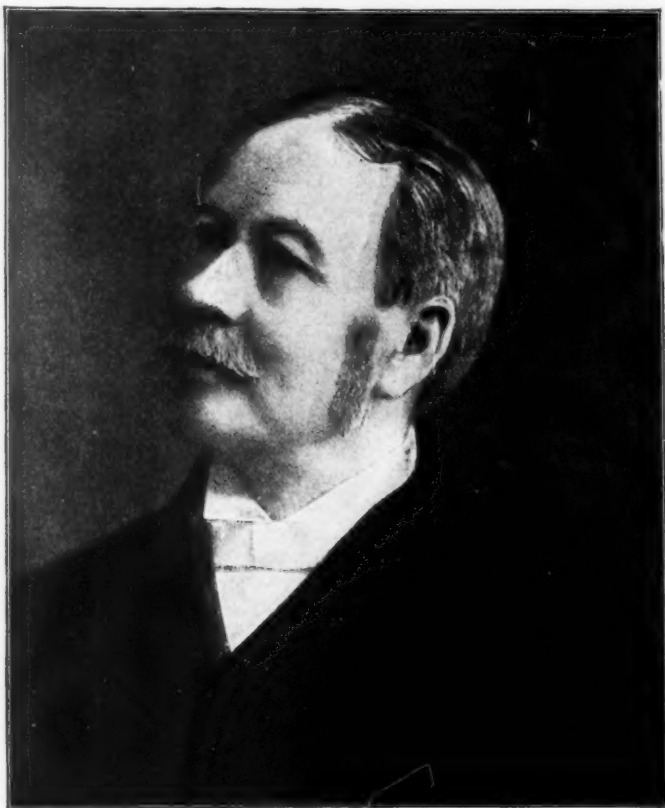
I knew a Roman Catholic once who came out as Father O'Connor has done. I will tell you a word about him, and then I will sit down. He was an old Frenchman who did not speak English, and who had been through the fire literally, so that one eye was gone, one side of his face was drawn out of shape, and he was poor—yes, so poor that he lived in one room in the poorest part of the town. He had a garden outside of his home filled with flowers, which he attended to as affectionately as if they were his own children, and he also had some birds in his front window that would come out of their cages and perch on his shoulders and answer to their names. He also had an old Bible. When he left the Roman Catholic Church he learned to read a Huguenot Bible, and the last time I saw him we sat together over the Book. We turned to the fourteenth chapter of John, and we came to those words: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." As he read in French, I read in English. "We have it," said the Frenchman—"peace—Christ's peace. All is well." Dear old Parmentier! Huguenot not by birth, but by conviction and by conversion. The birds sing no more in the window and the flowers are blooming no longer. I do not know what has become of the old Bible, but Parmentier has still that peace in his heart, and there is no one to come between him and the face so marred, yet so divinely beautiful, the face of the Lord Christ! God grant that you may love Him, as I trust many of us do.

A GREAT PROTESTANT CHAMPION.

THE Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur has just celebrated (May 13) the thirtieth anniversary of his pastorate at the Calvary Baptist Church in this city.

He is a native of Canada, and received his theological education at Rochester Seminary. He was called to New

Gospel, he is even more widely known as an orator of great eloquence and power in discussing subjects of vital importance to the Christian citizens of this country. Like the late Dr. John Hall, he has been a great champion of Protestantism and American patriotism. He



REV. ROBERT STUART MacARTHUR, D. D., LL. D.

York in 1870, and has seen great success in the work God has given him to do. To-day his church is the largest of the denomination in New York, and in its appointments is one of the finest in the United States.

While Dr. MacArthur is distinguished as a pastor and a preacher of the

sees clearly the dangers to our free institutions from the Roman Catholic Church, and he does not let "I dare" wait upon "I would," but in the name of the Lord boldly proclaims the truth. But he speaks in courtesy and love. His ministry has been a blessing to the Nation as well as to the Church.

Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur's Address.

One of the most beautiful salutations in all the world is that of the people in the Hawaiian Islands. Inasmuch as those islands are now our islands, the salutation is, in some sense, our salutation. It is the one word "Aloha"—sweet and musical in sound, and tender and beautiful in sense. Its literal meaning is "Love,!" It is the word that is used in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: "And now abideth faith, hope, 'aloha,' and the greatest of these is 'aloha'."

I just came here this afternoon to give to our Brother O'Connor, and to you his congregation and friends, my love—"Aloha! Aloha! Aloha!"

I well remember all the circumstances to which he has alluded in connection with the opening of this work, when my church was across the street. I want this afternoon to give him and you, in addition to my salutation, a word of congratulation, a word of exhortation, and a word of application. I congratulate him and you on the great success which has followed the efforts here put forth. Our Brother O'Connor has been characterized by great sanctified common sense. It is the most uncommon sense in the world. Perhaps that is why we call it common sense—because it is so uncommon. When sense is sanctified by the grace of God it becomes a wonderful power. Great things have gone out from the work under Mr. O'Connor's direction. The influences of his work have reached Archbishop Corrigan's palace. He is much more familiar with this work than some of you, perhaps, suppose. They have reached to Baltimore, to Cardinal Gibbons. Yea, they have reached to Rome, and the cold chills have more than once gone down the back of his Holiness regarding this work and other forms of work in behalf of Romanists in Boston

and other parts of the United States.

This work has received the favor of all people who are not bound hand and foot in the bonds of Romanism. They see that Mr. O'Connor has been most unselfish; that he has been courteous; that he has been loving; and yet he has striven with great earnestness to remove the darkness from the minds of Romanists. He has done it in love, in gentleness, and in Christliness. Some of his public letters to Cardinal Gibbons have been marvels of acuteness in logic, being really resistless in argument, but at the same time they have been models in courtesy, in gentleness and in loving-kindness. It is rare that you find such a combination of desirable qualities as we have here in our Brother O'Connor. We ought to congratulate him on attaining his majority in Christian and patriotic work, and we ought to thank God and take courage for the future. I exhort him, and I exhort you, to make this work in its larger relations a permanent work.

In Boston there is a great meeting held every Sunday afternoon. This meeting has been continued year after year. I have had the honor, I think, for twelve years of delivering at least one annual address at that meeting. I am to supply Tremont Temple during August next, and I shall probably address—certainly attend—some of those great meetings. They are glowing with American patriotism. They are alive with love for the Bible, for free American institutions, for the public school—for all that goes to make up a great, noble, loyal, patriotic Americanism. We ought to have one such great institution in New York. Whether this hall is the best place or not, I do not know; but some place ought to be secured. A representative committee of gentlemen and ladies should be appointed, speakers of national, and even international, reputation ought to be se-

cured, and we should make the sound go out all over this city and State and country, and even go around the world. The time is auspicious for continuing and enlarging such a work as our Brother O'Connor has been successfully conducting for twenty-one years.

I want also to suggest some special reason for the continuance of this work. We are now holding great missionary meetings in this city. They are the greatest religious meetings that have ever been held on the American continent. Nothing has ever approached them with the exception of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in 1873. The influence of these meetings will be felt for many, many years in every mission field in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea. Their influence will be felt in all our churches in America. The newspapers are carrying a vast amount of information regarding these meetings into the homes of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens. The papers have become great tracts of missionary information. It would have cost the societies tens of thousands of dollars to publish all the literature on missions which these newspapers are carrying to the ends of our country.

Now there is a much closer relation between these great missionary meetings and the work we are attempting to do here than most persons suppose. Such a meeting as this is virtually part of the other meetings. There is a close relationship between pure municipal politics and foreign missions. One of the greatest obstacles to the spread of foreign missions in India is the corruption in municipal politics in New York. Tammany Hall stands to-day across the track of foreign missions in India.

While riding in a train in India about four years ago I met a very learned Hindoo belonging to Benares. Benares, you know, is the headquarters of Hindoo-

ism. It was a city that was old before Rome and Athens were born. It was contemporaneous with Jerusalem in the days of Solomon. It sent many of the ornaments to Jerusalem that decorated Solomon's palace and court. My fellow-passenger was a learned man, a graduate of Queen's College, in India. He asked me what I thought of Benares. I told him that I thought it was the filthiest and vilest city that I had seen. I had gone into the temple in which bulls and cows were objects of worship. I had seen these same cattle walking through the streets of Benares, eating all the vegetables at the stands in the markets, and the vegetable owners did not attempt to drive them away. I had gone into temples where a kind of worship is paid to monkeys. I had also seen the great tank in which the pilgrims bathe, until the top of that tank was covered with a green scum, and then I saw the people dipping their pitchers in that water, thus vile, and carrying it home, because it was holy water. You need not be surprised that they have cholera in Benares. You need not be surprised that when the council of doctors met in Paris—two of them having gone from New York, appointed by President Cleveland—to form plans to prevent the spread of cholera, their whole, or at least their chief, thought was given to Benares.

When my friend asked me what I thought of the great city of Hindooism I said, "It is the vilest place I was ever in. You need a new religion, or else a new municipal administration." He turned to me with the question: "Did I understand you, sir, to say that you came from New York? Do you mean to say that Benares is any filthier and viler than New York?" I said, "We have a reform administration just now in New York." Here was a man who was never outside of India in his life, yet he was as familiar with Chicago and

Boston and New York as you and I are. He could call the names of all the Tammany sachems, and call them by their nicknames, every one. He finally turned to me, and said—and I tell you his remark was an eye opener—"If Tammany Hall represents the best that a republican form of government can do in the management of a city, I thank all the gods of heathenism that I belong to an imperial government and not to a democracy." And then he added, "If Tammany Hall represents Christianity in municipal politics, again I thank all the gods that I am what you call a heathen."

Thus I say that an impure municipal government lies across the track of foreign missions in India. And I say that a pastor standing in his pulpit in New York and preaching pure municipal politics is standing forth and preaching the progress of foreign missions. I tried to tell my Hindoo friend that Tammany Hall did not rightly stand either for Christianity or republicanism. I said, "It is an excrescence on the body politic, and it is an excrescence on the body religious, and by the scalpel of American patriotism we are going to remove it."

Well, now, what is Tammany Hall? Let me tell you that Tammany Hall is the Roman Catholic Church in politics. If you want to make a Tammany Hall out of the State government, put the Roman Church at the head of the politics of the State at Albany, and you will spread Tammany Hall all over New York State. If you want to make a Tammany Hall of the entire United States, then instal the Roman Church in the White House, and you will have a Tammany Hall throughout the whole country. We have quite enough of the Roman Church—indeed, a good deal too much of it—in the White House already. But by the grace of Almighty God, we are going to have less of it.

Washington and New York in the future.

I repeat: Tammany Hall is the Roman Church in municipal politics, and no man of intelligence in New York City, in this State, or in the United States, will deny the truth of this statement.

What becomes of the great sums of money that are collected in this city through the various means employed by our municipal government? What becomes of the money accruing from the tax rate in this city? It goes into the pockets of certain henchmen, without doubt. It goes out of the pockets of those henchmen, and a very considerable proportion of it goes into the treasuries of certain ecclesiastics in this city. That statement, I imagine, will scarcely be contradicted or even questioned.

Call the roll of the employees of our municipal government at this moment. Who are these men? Whence came they? To whom do they belong? What are their religious connections? You know too well the answers to all these questions.

Do you know that when Mr. Hugh J. Grant was Mayor of this city, on a certain public occasion he walked across the platform of Cooper Union and knelt at the feet of Archbishop Corrigan and kissed his ring? Mr. Hugh Grant, as a private citizen, can kneel where he chooses, and he can kiss whatever suits his osculatory fancy, but as the Mayor of New York, every patriotic citizen and every true American must rebuke his act in bowing at the feet of the representative of the Pope of Rome. I had some correspondence with Archbishop Corrigan on that subject. He is familiar with my views regarding that performance of the Mayor. This correspondence indicated that this ring did not represent Archbishop Corrigan, primarily, but the Pope. I think that made Mayor Grant's act all the more unbecoming the Mayor of New York. What has the Mayor of New York to

do with recognizing the stamp and sign and seal of an old man, himself the subject of a king who lives on the banks of the Tiber? Has he control in this country? Is he to dictate in American politics? It would sometimes so seem.

Why did Mayor Grant go to Philadelphia while he was Mayor, when an Italian patriotic society was to march through the streets of New York? He was asked to review that procession, but if he did so, he would incur the criticism of his ecclesiastic superiors. If he refused to review it, he might lose the votes of certain Italians. He was between this Scylla and that Charybdis. What did he do? He went to Philadelphia and waited until the cruel war was over. Has it come to this, that the Mayor of a city like New York must run away from the city lest he should incur the opposition of the Roman Church? Now I am not pronouncing any criticism whatever on the religious views of Mr. Grant, but I am talking about political Romanism. When Romanism comes and controls American politics, it is a very serious matter for every patriotic American citizen.

I declare to you, ladies and gentlemen, that no true, brave, patriotic American will ever kneel at the feet of any man, whether he be Pope or private citizen. The true, brave, patriotic American stands up like a man in the presence of kings, for he is himself a king among men. True and brave American citizens kneel before Almighty God, and not before a man. I have little use for an American who kneels at the feet of men, whether those men be kings or popes; he should be conscious of his own popedom or kingship in the presence of his fellow-men and before God.

There is thus a very close relation between the religious work of our Brother O'Connor and the work contemplated by the continuance, enlarge-

ment and extension of such meetings as this.

What is to become of our great American cities? I love New York. I stand up for New York always, so far as truth will permit me to do so. This is a great and glorious city. With all its faults I love it. It is the city of my home, the place of the birth of my children. In two weeks, if God permits me to live, I shall have been a pastor in this city for thirty years. I shall have received more than 4,000 people into the Church of Jesus Christ during that time.

When God laid the foundations of this city, throwing a watery arm around it on the west, another on the east, another on the north, and a beautiful bay on the south, God said as clearly as if he had spoken in an audible voice from heaven, "Let a city be on Manhattan Island!" It ought to be the cleanest, sweetest, purest and most magnificent city on this Western Hemisphere. God intends that before long the money centre of this world shall be on Manhattan Island. The money centre of the world is moving rapidly from London to New York. The heart of the western continent beats on Manhattan Island, and the arteries go out to all parts of this great country. But her municipal politics are controlled by men who are controlled by ecclesiastics of the Roman Church. They have robbed this city of much of its beauty, of its fair name, of much of its glory, and its future of much of its triumph and success. I appeal to the citizens of New York, irrespective of creed or previous condition, to rise in their might and hurl these minions of the Pope from their municipal thrones, and enthrone pure patriotic Americans who shall make New York the joy of America and the pride and envy of the world.

Now, my dear Brother O'Connor, I came here to give you my "Aloha!" and I have given my "Aloha!" to the

city, and my "Aloha!" to the municipal rulers of New York. I would love them better were they freer from dangerous influences that militate against a pure American patriotism. But I still believe in my city. I still believe in the patriotism of the American people, and to that patriotism I now appeal.

Brother O'Connor, in the presence of Almighty God, and in the presence of this audience, so full of sympathy, I give you my right hand. I want to tell you of a little incident before I sit down. I invited Father Chiniquy to preach in the church where I was ordained, just across the street, one Sunday night, when I was receiving a Roman priest into the Church and was baptizing him, and Father Chiniquy came and preached.

There was in the audience a young physician from Cuba, Dr. Diaz, who had fled from persecution and was picked up by an American ship. The purser recognized that he was fleeing from persecution, and that he was a Mason, and the purser thrust him into a closet to hide him from the Spanish soldiers. In a few minutes the Spanish soldiers were on board and they pushed their swords into the closet, but he was protected from all harm. He came to New York and was wandering through this street, when he was attracted into Calvary Baptist Church, and there he heard Father Chiniquy tell about his deliverance from the Roman Church. The doctor then went to Brooklyn, where he was taken ill. A Baptist lady of that city asked him if he would like to see a minister. He said, "Yes, if I can get one of the kind I heard in New York."

Shortly after this Dr. Diaz was converted and baptized into the fellowship of one of our Baptist churches. Later on he went back to Havana. His life was all aglow with love, and many people were converted. Then they

met to consider what kind of church they would organize at Havana, and by an almost unanimous vote they made it a Baptist church, and the work progressed wonderfully.

Then the war broke out, and Diaz was taken prisoner. But in the meantime he had become an American citizen. He telegraphed to his wife at Washington that he was under arrest.

He had been thrust into prison. There came a certain day and at 9.30 that day he was to be assassinated; but at 9 o'clock he heard a noise, and he said, "Now they have come for me!" He committed his own soul, his wife, his babies, and his old mother to God's keeping, and then said "I am ready." The door opened, and there stood an officer with a communication from the Spanish government granting him liberty; for a message had gone to Spain from Washington, saying: "Dare not touch an American citizen, for all the American army and navy will be aroused to protect the humblest citizen who belongs to the Stars and Stripes." The door flew open, and he walked out a free man.

He left Havana and came to New York, where I opened my door to him. He had a church of 2,700 converted Romanists in the city of Havana.

The war broke out and he went into the army. It was he who translated the papers from Spanish into English for our Generals.

After one of the battles he found a number of Spanish and Cuban soldiers wounded, and he dressed their wounds. One poor fellow whose wounds he dressed looked up into his face and said, "Dr. Diaz, don't you know me? I am the officer that put you into prison, and when I next meet you here, you are healing my wounds!"

I went to his church in Havana last July, for now he is there again, and we had a great congregation. I could not

preach in Spanish, but I know that language well enough to understand what Dr. Diaz was saying. He told this story and then he introduced me, and for thirty minutes, if I ever put the simple Gospel and American patriotism into a speech, I did it that Sunday night. He said at the close, "If any of you would like to meet Dr. MacArthur, you can come up." And they came up—red, white, black, and all colors. Among those who came was his old mother, who would not speak to him after he had left the Roman Catholic Church. She was finally converted, and Dr. Diaz, her own son, baptized her. When he baptized her, instead of using the regular formula, he was so deeply moved he could only say: "Lord Jesus, this is my dear old mother; she loves you with all her heart. Amen." She is the mother of twenty-four children, and I tell you she is a proud mother. I greeted her as if she was worthy of all honor.

At this time a Cuban lady struck up on the organ the first notes of "America," and then putting back her head she sang, with a sweet brogue, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." On she went, and on we went. There were officers of the navy and of the army there. I have heard our national hymn sung on the banks of the Ganges, on the banks of the Nile, and on the banks of the Jordan, but I never heard it sung with such emotion as it was sung there that night, in that fairest of fair lands, by the united voices of both liberators and liberated. When we came to those words,

"Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
Of thee we sing,"

I was reminded of an incident. Just before the war broke out, a prima donna sang in the Tacon Theatre in Havana, a song in which was the word "Liber-tad"—"Liberty," and down went the curtain, the lights were lowered, and she was arrested; in half an hour she

was in Cabanas, because she dared to sing that word, "Liberty."

And there we sang that night to God the "Author of Liberty", and no lights were lowered and no one was arrested. Why? Because the Stars and Stripes were floating over Havana and all Cuba.

Some of you do not believe in "expansion," perhaps, but I am sure that we all believe in expansion for liberty. That is what this movement means, this work that Mr. O'Connor has been conducting for twenty one years—liberty, liberty of speech, liberty of belief, loyalty to the New Testament and obedience to Jehovah under the Stars and Stripes and the banner of Jesus Christ.

At the close of Dr. MacArthur's eloquent address he took Mr. O'Connor's hand in a warm embrace, and as they stood before the great congregation, which was moved to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, Mr. O'Connor said: "A few days ago one of the editors of our leading paper said, when I told him that Dr. MacArthur was to be with us to-day: 'I am glad you asked him to be one of the speakers at your anniversary. He is the best all round man we have in New York.' Now, sir," continued Mr. O'Connor, amid great applause, "we will let you go. I have got even with you for all the kind things you have said about me."

The Evening Meeting.

Another large congregation filled Masonic Temple at 7.30 when addresses were delivered by R. Cope Morgan, Esq., the distinguished editor of the *London Christian*, Mrs. Morgan, who is a convert from the Roman Catholic faith, Rev. A. B. King of New York, and Rev. Daniel F. McFaul, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Parsonburg, Maryland. The latter is the first priest that came to Mr. O'Connor out of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. R. Cope Morgan's Greeting.

In the name of a large number of God's people on the other side of the Atlantic, I heartily congratulate you, my dear Mr. O'Connor, and praise God for having preserved you these twenty-one years. Twenty-one years is a large proportion of a man's life, and we look back with thanksgiving for all the mercies God has given unto us.

I remember when I first met Mr. O'Connor at Northfield, and I am particularly pleased and interested to be here to-night to greet him and to see such a large number of friends who endorse the good work he has done and to whom he has been a blessing. I thank God for the many souls that he has been the means of bringing from darkness into the liberty of the Gospel of the Son of God.

My feeling toward the Roman Catholics is one of sympathy and love; my opposition is to the system itself and not against the individual members of the Roman Catholic Church.

I was once travelling with an American minister, and in the course of conversation he told me that at one time he lodged with a mother and daughter who were Roman Catholics. He got the idea they had not been brought up in Romanism, so he asked them about it and their answer proved he was right. "One time," they said, "we went to a revival, and the people told us we were saved; but we found it hard to 'keep it up,' so when we found a system that 'kept it up' for us, we joined it." And they continued: "It has been such a relief to us that we will never go back again."

The strength of Romanism is in a man's conscience. There is not a man alive who does not want to escape the judgment of God by-and-by. When Rome comes in and says that men can confess their sins to a priest and receive

absolution, and then go right on and sin again, that is of the evil one, and that teaching incurs judgment and penalty at the end.

It is a very serious thing to tell persons they are converted. I remember a dear friend who said, "It is very hard for me to tell anxious souls that they are converted. I cannot tell their present or future. Shall the person himself argue it out?"

There is only one witness that can satisfy us that we are the children of God, and that is the witness of the Holy Spirit. Now, when those dear women went up to the penitent form and were told that they were Christians, and that they were to go on just as they were, they had not really been born again at all. I do not wonder that such people, when disappointed, should take hold of something which seems to satisfy them, and make them and keep them right with God. Their conscience is in the keeping of the priest.

I had an uncle who married a ritualistic lady, and I said to him one day: "Uncle, you were brought up evangelically. How is it that you have turned to this?" "Well, my boy," said he, "it is very convenient. We support the church and the church takes our responsibilities."

The people want to be right with God; but when they are satisfied to be absolved from their sins by a priest, they are wilfully and blindly deluded.

I have been in some Roman Catholic churches during the fourteen stations of the cross. What did I see? I saw the Son of God represented as the weak babe in its mother's arms, and also as the dead Christ. The last time I was in a Catholic church I felt very sad at seeing an old man kissing the crucifix from the head to the feet. I have seen the women come, and it seemed as if their whole hearts went out in kissing the feet of some image. At another time

I saw a woman bringing her two children that they might receive a blessing from the priest. She had her arms around them, and the priest stood there muttering something in Latin, while the poor soul thought that, by some magic process, blessing was going to be brought to those little girls.

One thing that is lacking in the Roman Church is the resurrection of Jesus. Her Christ is either a dead Christ, or a weak and weary man, stumbling under the weight of the cross that they are worshipping, instead of being the "Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace."

I remember a lady once telling how many churches she had "done," and she said she had been in forty-five of them, but I dare to say that she did not find a risen Christ in any one of them. What we want is a risen Saviour, and I am glad that what we have got is a risen Saviour. The Christ who rested in the mother's arm has been raised up, and now sits at the right hand of God, and is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

I pray that these meetings may bring peace and joy of heart and the salvation of the Christ who has been dead, but now is risen unto many dear souls. And I pray that God will bless our dear Brother O'Connor in his work, and that he may carry it on in the power of God, so that many souls may be saved and added to God's people.

Mrs. Morgan's Testimony.

It is not because I am fond of speaking in public that I am here to give my experience. I am here to speak of Him who has redeemed me, and as one who has been brought out of darkness into light, I do not feel free to withhold my testimony.

I was brought up a Roman Catholic. I was born in a part of Austria that I

like to call my home in spite of its poverty—Poland—which, as a country, does not exist any more. I always like to call myself a Pole. As a Catholic, I was taught from childhood to confess to the priest and to pray to the Virgin Mary.

I want to relate the experience connected with my first confession. I was a girl nine years old, and I had been told that the priest took the place of God. I wrote my sins on a piece of paper, and I learned the list by heart, as the other girls did. The day came when I went to confession, and I was so overpowered by terror that my head seemed paralyzed. The priest began to ask me questions. He said:

"Have you stolen anything?"

Though I had never stolen, I answered, "Yes."

Then he asked, "What did you steal?"

"I have stolen a pencil."

"Well," said he, "you give that pencil to the girl you stole it from, and ask her to forgive you."

After confession I went home and cried and prayed, because I told the priest a lie, for I had not stolen any pencil. To whom did I pray? To Jesus? No, because Jesus was far off. I was not taught to trust Jesus and to tell Him all about it. I did not know anything about that. I went to the Virgin, and prayed to her that she would intercede for me and ask her Son to forgive me.

Until eight years ago I was nominally a Catholic. I say nominally, because I think that more than two thirds of the Roman Catholics are Catholics only in name.

There are two kinds of Catholics. One kind is indifferent, and the other kind is not unwilling to be enlightened. I belonged to the second class, but I did not like anyone to speak against my religion.

I remained in this condition till God, in His gracious Providence, brought me to England, though my friends told me I was making the greatest mistake of my life to go there. I went chiefly because of my ambition to learn English as quickly as possible. One friend said, "I would advise you to go to the Protestant churches, for there you will hear the best English, and thus you will progress rapidly with the language." I followed that advice, though at first I did not understand anything that was said. But after a fortnight I was able to understand a little of what I heard. I continued to go to these meetings, which I had detested at first, and then I found that faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. I did not wish to learn the Word of God, but my anxiety to learn English took me to church, and there I became a seeker after the truth. I found out that I was in need of a Saviour, and when I obeyed His voice and went to Him for salvation He said, "Peace be unto thee," and ever since then I have been happy.

I wish that all my Catholic friends would go to the Word of God and read it for themselves, with hearts willing to be enlightened. Then they will be taught of the Spirit and united with God through Christ the Saviour.

The testimony of Mrs. Morgan is the more valuable because few ladies of distinction make public profession of their conversion from the Roman Catholic faith. When a Protestant becomes a Romanist the secular press cannot say too much about the wonderful "conversion," but when a Catholic becomes a Protestant Christian who rejoices in the faith once for all delivered to the saints, the press is silent. That is the way of the world, and the secular press is of this world, even as the Church of Rome is. But Christ said: "My Kingdom is not of this world."

A Greeting From Brazil.

NEW YORK, April 21, 1900.

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

DEAR BROTHER:—I gladly accept your invitation. Twenty-one years of steady work in one line of Christian activity is worth commemorating. For one I most heartily congratulate you on having attained your majority. I pray God to add many years to your useful life, and that you may "go from strength to strength" until you shall appear before God in Zion. (Psalms lxxxiv. 7). Until then take counsel with the blessed Peter, whose feet the Father placed on the Rock (Matthew xvi., 16-18, and 1 Peter ii., 4-8) and "giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue (manly energy); and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance (self control); and to temperance patience (long-suffering) and to patience God-likeness, and to God-likeness brotherly kindness (love of brethren), and to brotherly kindness, charity (love of all men)." For if these abound you will neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

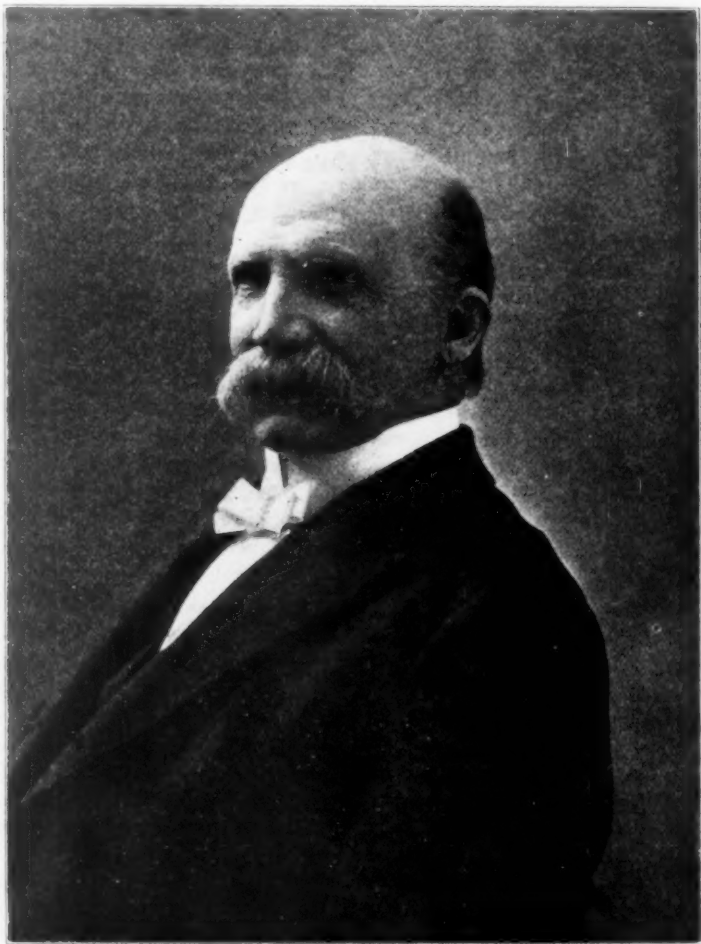
In His name, your loving brother,
G. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Dr. Chamberlain has been a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in Brazil for thirty-eight years. He was one of first Americans to enter that difficult field, and the Lord has wonderfully blessed the work there. He returned to New York last summer in the interest of the work in Bahia, and the first greeting he received was the announcement that a beloved daughter, twenty-six years of age, a teacher in the college at Bahia, had died while he was at sea. Two months later a son, eighteen years of age, also died in Bahia. The bereaved father, but brave apostle, has been much at Christ's Mission this past winter, where his presence has been a benediction to all the inmates.

A BROTHER BELOVED.

THREE priests who had been educated at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, have been converted in connection with this Reformed Catholic

letter of Mr. O'Connor's—doubtless one of those he was then writing to Cardinal McCloskey and which appeared in the *New York Witness*. He came



REV. DANIEL F. McFAUL.

work. The first was the Rev. Dr. Daniel F. McFaul, who had been ordained a priest at the seminary one year before Mr. O'Connor entered there. Father McFaul had been a priest ten years, when one day he read a public

to New York merely to see the man who could discuss in a good-humored way subjects that usually lead to heated controversy. He never went back.

After twenty years it was a great joy to have him present at the anniversary.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. F. McFaul.

I have come from the South for the express purpose of standing upon this platform with my dear brother O'Connor. Twenty years ago we stood upon this same platform, shoulder to shoulder, in the work of God. I wish to thank Almighty God for preserving our lives, and giving us this blessed privilege of standing here together again, two former priests of the Roman Church, now ministers of the Gospel. While standing here it is our privilege to say with Paul the Apostle, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

The Apostle Paul served as a model for all mankind. He was a convert. I also am a convert. He sought by every means in his power to exterminate Christians from the face of the earth and to blot out Christianity, but God in His mercy had pity upon him, and Jesus met him on the way to Damascus. Jerusalem and the Holy Land were not a sufficient theatre for his zeal. He must needs go abroad in the interest of his Church, for he believes it to be the will of God; fortified with documents in his hands, madness in his eyes, and fury in his heart, he proceeds to Damascus. There Jesus meets him, and he who was so haughty and so proud, is now humiliated. He becomes like a child and is led by the hand until the scales fall from his eyes and he becomes a new man, determined to serve God and extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Like Paul I also am a convert from an old church, the Roman Catholic Church. After several years of thought and meditation I concluded that my soul could not fly upwards on a creed of forms and ceremonies, juggleries and incantations. I lost faith in my ability to change a wafer into the identical flesh, and wine and water into the blood, of the Lord Jesus Christ. I could not

change these elements into the "body and blood," the "soul and divinity" of the Son of God, as the Roman theology falsely teaches. I lost faith in transubstantiation. I lost faith in my ability to absolve the sinner from his sins against God.

I had been educated in the public school; and I want to say right here, "God bless the public school!" If any man lifts a finger to injure the public schools you stand by them and defend them, and when an attempt is made to go to the treasury of the State to divert the money to any sectarian school, you say, "No! If you are not satisfied with our schools, get your own schools; but as for us, we glory in our public schools!"

As an American, yea, as a man, I realized that I could not save my soul in being occupied with those accessories that the Church of Rome uses so much—masses and indulgences, holy water, relics, etc., and I felt that the poor people were imposed upon and deprived of their money by extortion. I felt, too, that they received no adequate benefit for the money paid to me and to other priests for ceremonies and sacraments. My soul sickened at the thought of receiving money for dragging souls out of purgatory.

Abominating the whole business, it became so offensive to me that I could endure no longer to stay amid the corruptions and abominations of the old church.

My eldest brother promised me any amount of money if I would only stay, and "go with the crowd," as he said. I had money in every pocket then. I had horses and carriages, riches, and the approbation of my people. But I thank God, that in giving up all these things I have something much better—the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

When I came to New York, I met this man who stands with me here

this evening and who has proved a friend to me all these days; and as I laid my hand in his, he said, "If thy heart is right as my heart is, give me thy hand." And as we took each other by the hand, he led me to place my hand in the hand of Jesus Christ. And ever since then, we have been to each other as David and Jonathan, for our hearts have been knit together, and we love each other as brothers.

Under my Brother O'Connor's direction I proceeded to Drew Theological Seminary, where I spent the two happiest years of my life. There I was prepared for the sacred ministry, and there I was further fortified by the grace of God. Having been received into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church I proceeded to the Wilmington Conference, where I have been engaged in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ for eighteen years, and where God has blessed my work.

Though far removed from my old friends in the Roman Catholic Church, still I bear them no ill-will; but, on the contrary, I love them as a Christian minister. I love them with all my heart, and would be glad at any time to serve them and point them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

I lament exceedingly that our Roman Catholic friends are deprived of the light they might have by submitting to the will of God, by surrendering unto Him, and taking Jesus for their Saviour. They should brush aside the priests and go to Jesus Christ, who is our only Priest—the Great High Priest, who is now sitting at the right hand of God, ever living to make intercession for us. He is the best, the only priest, and I maintain that if the Roman Catholic will lay aside superstition and give himself completely to the service of God, and call upon God through Jesus Christ, the light will come to him, and

the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall be his.

I would to God all Roman Catholics would leave their priests, their bishops and their Pope, and come out on the Lord's side. Then they would give up all bad habits, abandon superstition and become children of God. It is lamentable to behold the number who fall away on account of habits that cannot be removed either by their own power or by their priests. It is only the precious blood of Jesus that can wash away their sins. Instead of going to the holy water font, would to God that they would go to the

Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
Where sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

How much less drunkenness there would be in the world, how much less would be the number of souls lost if Roman Catholics were only truly converted! Nine-tenths of the rum sellers in our country are Roman Catholics, and they will not abandon this nefarious business till they become genuine Christians. I would to God they understood what conversion is! I would not hesitate to promise a large sum of money to any Roman Catholic who would point to me the hour and place wherein he was converted and experienced a change of heart. I am not afraid I should ever have to pay that money, for, unfortunately, they know nothing of real conversion; they know nothing of redemption; they know nothing of regeneration; they know nothing of full salvation. The only conversion, the only way of becoming a Christian which they know is by the water of baptism being sprinkled upon the head of the infant child. They go on, from year to year, never free from sin, continually going to confession to the priest, and returning again in a few weeks loaded with the same sins. How much better it would be to come

to Jesus Christ, kneel at His feet, surrender unto Him, confess their sins to Him, and repent once and for ever! What a load would be taken off their hearts and consciences! Jesus says "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That rest will never be the portion of the Roman Catholic until he has an interview with Jesus, until he learns how to come to Him, and takes Him for his High Priest. When he will do that God shall remove his sins, give him liberty, and make him a free man.

I know by my own experience, that although I had plenty of money as a priest, and everything that the world could give me, I had not the peace of God. I sighed by day and groaned by night, until God spoke peace to my soul. And so it will be with all others who call upon the name of the Lord. I still sigh for the conversion of my dear friends, that they may come out from superstition and idolatry. For I consider it idolatry when they kneel to a pure wafer of bread, believing that the priest has power to change the bread into the body and blood of Christ, and adore that as God. I myself created God out of a wafer, and was then compelled to eat it. Think of a human being creating his God and then eating it! It is too gross a thing to be entertained. If both priests and people became genuine Christians they would abandon their sinful lives and give up everything that is evil.

Unfortunately the habit of drinking intoxicating liquor is not peculiar to the laity; the clergy also indulge to excess. I remember on one occasion when a bishop was buried, how the event was celebrated by the consumption of a great quantity of intoxicants. Many of the clergy put up at a prominent hotel, where there was great revelry during the night. When the servants cleaned out the rooms next morning there was

a fearful revelation of the carousings that had taken place. A great number of empty bottles were placed outside the rooms occupied by these priests, and the waiters complained that they had never been so taxed in all their lives as during that night, carrying bottles of champagne and whiskey to the clerical guests. These men continue to live, and, it is to be feared, will die in that sad condition. The blood of Jesus Christ was shed for those priests, and when they come to the Saviour crying for pardon and mercy they will be converted. May God remove the scales from the eyes of the priests and the people, and may they think, and reflect, and act for themselves!

There is no despotism like the despotism of Rome. The poor people are held down in miserable slavery, and they know nothing of the liberty of every man, woman and child that should exist in this country. They should think for themselves, read the Word of God for themselves, and pray unto the only true God for themselves. The priest is only a stumbling block and a hindrance and a bar in the way to their salvation.

In their fear of thinking for themselves and acting independently my Catholic friends remind me of a man who was on a journey. As soon as he got on the train he seemed exceedingly nervous. He asked the conductor to be sure and let him know when he came to Milford. Every time the conductor passed this man wanted to know if they had yet come to Milford. Finally the train came to Milford, but he did not hear the name when it was called. The train proceeded on its way. When the conductor next came through he again said, "Be sure and tell me when we come to Milford!"

"Why," said the conductor, "we have been to Milford and passed it."

He raised his hand to the bell cord, and back rolled the train into the depot.

"Now" said the conductor, "here is Milford, get out as fast as you can".

"I don't want to get off here."

"You don't want to get out here?" said the conductor; "you have been annoying me the whole morning, telling me to be sure and let you know when we came to Milford: and now that you are there you say you want to stay aboard." "My wife told me this morning to be sure to take a pill when I got to Milford," replied the man. The poor fellow did not dare take it a mile beyond, or before reaching Milford, but felt he must take it precisely at the place where his wife said he should.

So with my poor Roman Catholic friends. They do not dare to act for themselves; they must always go and consult the priest, who holds them tied down so long as they pay their money to him. I remember poor Irish women frequently coming to me with five dollar bills and extending them to me with trembling hands to have masses said to rescue the souls of their departed husbands from purgatory. They might as well have thrown their money into the fire! There is no such place as purgatory. As the tree falls, so it shall lie. How I would love to reason with those people who give their money to save souls from purgatory! How I would like to point them to the Lamb of God, to the God-Man who came into this world, that whosoever will may drink of the water of life freely, and should not perish. Jesus died for the salvation of the people. God grant that all may come and yield and submit unto Him, and that the darkness may be removed, and that light may come from the throne of God into the hearts of all.

Oh, Lord! remove the blindness! Send light to the Roman Catholics, deliver them from superstition, darkness and degradation, and may the priests and people no longer kneel to inanimate objects and worship them, but bow down

to God alone; may the people cease kneeling to a priest, and may they understand that they have been purchased by the blood of Jesus, and redeemed by the sacrifice of Calvary. Lord, inspire them to leave superstition behind! May they be roused from the lethargy of sin, and go to Jesus, instead of to earthly priests. Remove from their hearts all devotion to images and relics and the other mummeries of the Church of Rome that blind the eyes and darken the heart! May they seek salvation in Jesus alone! May they come out on the Lord's side! May they not hesitate or doubt, but say with Saul of Tarsus, who became Paul the Apostle, "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things." May we be willing to suffer and endure all things to win souls!

May the Lord help us to win souls! That is the purpose for which we have been put here, to win precious souls for Jesus, who loves us. God is willing. Jesus came from Heaven to be our Redeemer. He suffered that we might not suffer. He endured for our sakes. He paid the penalty. He went into Gethsemane. He groaned upon the ground, on account of the ingratitude of men, and because He knew His own people would not receive Him. He knew superstition would grow and expand, and that people would be worshipping the Virgin, and the saints, and the scapulars and relics, instead of the only true God. Therefore He groaned in spirit in the Garden. He went up to Calvary, where He died upon the cross for our sakes, and was placed in the tomb. He had not a tomb of His own. He was guarded by soldiers, who watched it with care, and who put the government seal upon it. Nevertheless, He rose by His own power and the angels came down to make it known to men. When

Mary Magdalene came to the tomb, they said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; He is risen." He was seen by His disciples and by holy women. He was seen by the Apostles. He was seen by the incredulous Thomas, who exclaimed on seeing His wounded hands and side, "My Lord and my God!" He led His disciples out on the Mount of Ascension, and raised His holy hands to bless them. He comforted them and promised them the Holy Spirit, and then by His own power went up unto His Father and our Father.

He has gone up on high. He is at the right hand of God, interceding for us and helping us; and the Holy Ghost came according to promise, and He is here now, and ready to lead the poor Roman Catholic from sin and superstition, from idolatry, from forms and ceremonies, and from incantations and juggleries, and to give him in exchange the peace and love of God.

Dear Lord, deliver these people from their pampered ecclesiastics, their vain ceremonies and sacraments, and rich churches, that they might have access unto Thee, and know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent! Thou hast no part or lot with those who go upon their knees to adore a wafer of bread, or who persist in living in idolatry and superstition, who fight against the light, who resist the grace of God, and who withhold their allegiance from the Saviour. I rejoice with exceeding great joy that I surrendered my heart to Jesus, and that I laid my hand in the hand of Jesus, and that He put it into my heart to pray and work for the salvation of my Catholic brethren, who know not Jesus and the saving power of His blood. I love to point them to Him, who can take away their sins once and forever. They would not then have to repeat their confessions every few weeks. God is only

too willing to forgive us when we come to Him in sincerity and truth.

May we also seek to obey the Lord, and do our utmost to please Him! May our minds be in harmony with the Divine will, and may our hearts be in unison and accord with the Divine Heart, and may we work on together serving God, loving Him, praising Him and Him only, and doing our utmost for the welfare of mankind! Help us, O Lord our God, to win souls and do Thy will, and when we come down to the verge of Jordan bid our anxious fears subside, bear us through the current, safe to Canaan's side; then sounds of praises we will ever give Thee, Amen!

Addresses were delivered at the anniversary meetings also by Rev. Drs. A. B. King of the New York Presbytery, and Charles W. Drees, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Porto Rico, who had preached in Christ's Mission in March, on his way to his field of labor in our new possession. As Dr. Drees came of Roman Catholic stock, he is greatly interested in the work for the conversion of the poor people whom Rome has held in bondage and who cry for deliverance.

Dr. A. B. King's greeting was most cordial, as he has been one of Mr. O'Connor's most loving devoted friends for many years; and this kindness is shared by his venerable brother, Rev. Dr. Frederick L. King.

Rev. G. W. Chamberlain, D. D., who for thirty eight years has been a Presbyterian missionary in Brazil, Rev. George C. Needham, the evangelist, Rev. W. W. McNair, D. D., and other ministerial friends were also present.

The collections and pledges at the afternoon and evening meetings, with what was previously on hand for the payment of the debt on Christ's Mission, amounted to \$800. \$200 have since been subscribed. The debt now is \$1,000.

Other Priests Out of Rome.

Several former priests were present at the anniversary services on April 29, and with burning hearts listened to the various speakers. While employed in civil life these former priests must keep silent on religious subjects.

Of course it is utterly impossible for a converted priest to obtain employment in a Roman Catholic house, and it is next to impossible where the superintendent is a Catholic. Even when the proprietors are Protestants the power of Rome prevails in such cases.

When the converted priests become Christian workers they generally have to trust in the Lord for all things, and few of them have learned the life of faith. Young priests and men who have had experience in the affairs of life can more easily adapt themselves to circumstances. All of these former priests rejoice that this work has been carried on successfully these twenty-one years.

The names of many priests who came to Mr. O'Connor during the last twenty-one years were omitted in the list published in the May CONVERTED CATHOLIC, among them several who are so situated in secular life that it would be a great disadvantage to them to have it known that they had been priests. One had been a professor of Church History in the monastery and college at Inverness, Scotland, which was founded by the Marquis of Bute. He came to Christ's Mission in 1896. He is now engaged in journalism and general literary work. Another, a priest in the diocese of Philadelphia, has two brothers in this city who are prominent in political life. Another was one of the Paulists. He is now a teacher and writer.

An Irish priest who came to Mr. O'Connor in 1886 had a special claim on the latter because he had been educated in St. Sulpice, Paris, France. In

Ireland he had been chaplain to a Roman Catholic peer and was well informed on all that related to the Land League of those days. He said there was no spirituality among those priests who engaged in politics in Ireland, and it was their purpose to keep the people in ignorance and superstition. The bishops were no better than the priests.

This priest had been in New York only a short time when he called on Mr. O'Connor, whose office was then in the Bible House. In relating his experiences he said he had a brother who was also a priest and a professor in a Roman Catholic College in Ireland. It was a surprise to him to learn that his brother had recently become a Protestant and had been received into the Episcopal Church by Bishop Huntington, of Syracuse, N. Y., to whom he had applied while still officiating in a Roman Catholic church. The Nun of Kenmare refers to this case in her book, "Life Inside the Church of Rome." This gentleman is now the rector of a Protestant Episcopal church in Massachusetts. A few years ago he married the daughter of a prominent Roman Catholic who had been Mayor of one of the largest cities of New England. The lady was educated in Paris. When she returned to this country she withdrew from the Roman Catholic Church. She met with much opposition from her family, and she was cut off from any portion of her father's estate. Like other ladies of refinement and culture she avoided publicity, and quietly united with the Protestant Episcopal Church. She was a member of that church for some years before she met this converted priest.

Since this work was commenced in New York a similar work has been established in Ireland by Rev. T. Connelan, and another in France by the Abbe Bourrier. Both are wisely and successfully conducted and many priests are being converted.

A Sop to "Liberal" Catholics.

THE recent death of Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa, has given the "liberal" Catholics the opportunity of pressing the claims of Archbishop Keane, formerly of the Catholic University at Washington, for the vacant see. Keane has been a cypher in the Roman Catholic Church ever since he was removed from the Catholic University. The position of "canon" of St. Peter's Church, Rome, was forced upon him, and he was compelled to reside in that city, with absolutely nothing to do. That is a way they have at Rome. He was only a "Bishop" when he was at the Catholic University, but the Pope after removing him gave him the honorary title of "Archbishop" and assigned him to a canonry at St. Peter's with an income of one thousand dollars. Recently he has obtained the Pope's permission to return to this country to collect funds for his old love, the Catholic University, which is in a state of demoralization. Now the effort is made to have him appointed Archbishop of Dubuque. The New York papers of May 7 published articles on his rehabilitation, evidently inspired by the Paulist Fathers, but they did not take into account the opposition of the Jesuits to any scheme that would restore the "liberals" to power. It was the Jesuits who accomplished the downfall of Keane and the condemnation of the Paulists for their "liberalism," and they will not consent to the former's promotion to Dubuque unless they get something in return. That "something" would be the elevation of Archbishop Corrigan to the Cardinalate. He is now in Rome with a million dollars in his hand to gain the coveted prize.

The New York *Herald* prints a petition from some of the Dubuque priests in which they say: "We are a majority of the priests of the archdiocese, and

those who are not with us are, we fear, influenced from without." The Germans as well as the Jesuits are opposed to Keane. It will be remembered that Monsignor Schroeder, their representative at the Catholic University was removed from the University, by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and the other "liberals." One of the charges brought against him was that he frequented the beer gardens of Washington, but he said the beer he drank was harmless compared with the whiskey consumed so liberally by the members of the faculty of Irish extraction. If Keane should be appointed to Dubuque the Paulists hope there will be a revival of their "Americanism," which the Romans think is disguised Protestantism.

As money goes a long way at Rome, if Keane's friends can raise a million, and get Corrigan with his million made a cardinal, he will be Archbishop of Dubuque. If they do not put up the "boodle" the Jesuits will not consent to his appointment. Oh, Church of Rome, thou art corrupt! Thou hast been so always, and thou wilt always be so. "Come out of her," is the call of God to every intelligent Catholic.

The appointment of Archbishop Keane, the *Herald* says, would be a decided vindication, "as the Pope, it is said, has been anxious to make amends for his removal from the Catholic University." That is a feeler thrown out by the Paulists and the other "liberal" Catholics. But it will hurt Keane's case, for the Pope cannot be placed in a position where he would seem to have been in the wrong. The infallible Pope confesses his mistakes and his sins only to a Jesuit who gives him full absolution every time. And it would be absurd to imagine that he would publicly confess that he was an erring mortal like the rest of us. The Jesuits will tell the Pope of this attempt of the Paulists to make him ridiculous.

**"Whatsoever Ye Ask in Prayer,
Believing, Ye Shall Receive."**

Many times Mr. Moody said that the success of his work depended on the prayers of God's people for him.

This can also be said of Christ's Mission. The following letter shows how Christian friends are praying for us.

Dear Brother and Friend:

My heart is so interested in your work that I take this opportunity, half sitting up, to write you a few lines of appreciation and encouragement. The first reading I did after weeks of illness was the dear, sweet CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

I am so glad our debt is going down. In respect to the Moody mistake regarding the Roman Catholic Church—Oh, the pity of Protestant temporizing and expediency! A Savonarola or Luther would find little help or encouragement even to-day. Only those who have been under the bondage of Rome can appreciate the freedom of liberty in Christ Jesus. My dear brother, what in all this world would you take in exchange for the work done in Christ's Mission? May our Heavenly Father continue your life; may you abide in Him and He dwell in you. How keenly you have had to learn not to depend on or trust in any arm of flesh—be they never so popular or gifted—to keep up your most unpopular of all Christian work, even in this free Christian country. Ah, well, I see you have taken Christ's yoke on you with meekness and lowliness of heart, and do your work as unto the Lord. Oh, praise His holy name! Your reward no man can give or take away. But permit me to warn you to be wise in respect to your health; and may God bless your Home Mission and carry all burdens that you may be free to do the work no one else can do.

M. A. E. S.

Pathetic and Encouraging.

The following letter from the wife of a godly minister of the Gospel will be read with interest. Truly that brother is blessed in his work and blessed in his helpmeet.

Surely those who are favored with larger means will take pleasure in contributing to a fund for sending this magazine free to such excellent Christian workers as these friends.

May 7, 1900.

DEAR SIR:—It is with a feeling of deep embarrassment that I write you. We have taken THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for years, but now we cannot pay for it. We hoped matters would grow better with us, but they have got worse. My husband changed his pastorate last fall, and here he has lots of hard work and little pay. We have received \$100 in the last six months, and the work compels us to keep a horse. We have barely lived and not gone into debt; but as we do not now need a fire, except for our little cooking and laundry work, we can save a little, and some time pay the subscription.

We feel the deepest sympathy for you and your work, but it takes more than sympathy to keep things going.

We have seen several Catholics converted. One bright young man is now a preacher of the Gospel; another case is that of a young girl, fourteen years old, who ran out of confessional to escape the priest, who was asking her polluting questions. She told her stepmother, declaring she would never go to confession again. The priest and the girl's father planned to put her in a convent, but the stepmother overheard them, and helped the child to get away. She finally reached the place where my husband was preaching, got converted, and now, after fourteen years, continues a bright Christian with a happy experience.

Mrs. D. G. B.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

FIFTH SERIES.

XVII.

NEW YORK, June, 1900.

SIR:—Although this year has been declared a "Jubilee" by the Pope and he has invited his followers to visit him at Rome, where he will scatter indulgences and dispensations with a lavish hand, the public press has announced that you are not going to Rome. That is strange. One would think that your place this year is by the side of the "Holy Father," as you blasphemously call him, despite the command of the Lord Jesus to His disciples, "Call no man your father upon earth, for one is your Father, who is in heaven." You may be Pope some day, and then you would like your cardinals to be around you at such a time as this when all good Catholics pay their respects and bear their gifts to the head of their church. Why have you declined his invitation? When emperors and kings make a request of their subjects, it is accepted as a command and is implicitly obeyed. There must be a strong reason for your refusal to go to Rome at this time of Jubilee, and the cause is found in the presence of Archbishop Corrigan there with a retinue of henchmen and a purse of money that some of his priests in this city say amounts to one million dollars. He wants to be made a Cardinal, and if money can do it, he has a good chance that his wish will be gratified. Every one knows what money can do at Rome. It can purchase heaven there, at least so the Monsignori and other papal attendants say. The monk Tetzel was commissioned by Pope Leo X. to sell indulgences for money, and the Reformation of the sixteenth century followed. Some years ago Leo XIII. received \$20,000 for a dispensation to the Duke of Aosta, King Humbert's brother, to marry his niece. Every day similar scenes are enacted at the "holy court of Rome." So Archbishop Corrigan has a good chance of getting the cardinal's hat for his million dollars. The foundation of his fortune was laid in Newark, N. J., where his father was a rumseller who made a fortune in selling "Jersey lightning."

You do not wish Corrigan to be a cardinal; you cannot bear a brother near the throne, and especially such a brother, who is not respected by his own priests. I do not wish to indulge in personalities in these Letters, but the antipathy between Archbishop Corrigan and yourself is well known, as it has been a scandal to all respectable Catholics for many years. So dismissing the subject, let us turn to other matters of interest.

I have been put on my mettle regarding these Letters to you by a friend whose judgment is most valuable, and therefore I must keep their tone to the elevated plane to which he has assigned them. At the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the religious work I have been conducting in this city, the Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur said these Letters were "most courteous", that they were "marvels of acuteness in logic, restless in argument, and withal gentle and loving." I need not disclaim such a characterization of anything I have done, for it is evident that the good minister meant only to say a kind and encouraging word.

But I have sought to be courteous and gentle toward you and to all men in the work that God has given me to do. And if, as Dr. MacArthur further said, I have had some measure of success "in removing the darkness from the minds of the Romanists," my labor has not been in vain. That is my work in life. It is a good work for any man to undertake, and I have been blessed in doing it. I only wish there were more engaged in it, for it is a large work and a necessary one.

I would like to tell you what I have been doing these twenty-one years, but you are not ignorant of this work. Dr. MacArthur said truly that the knowledge of it had reached you and even gone as far as Rome. I am well aware of that fact. A few years ago a priest came to me directly from Rome and accepted the hospitality of our Mission Home. He had been a clerk in the Propaganda where all the departments of the Roman Catholic missions throughout the world are concentrated, and there amid the archives he found letters from you and documents referring to me and the work of Christ's Mission. One of your letters referred to Bishop Becker, then of Wilmington, Delaware, whom you ordered to leave that diocese for good and sufficient reasons. I shall not specify them further than to say that he ought to have obeyed the advice of Paul in his letter to Timothy in the second verse of the third chapter of the first epistle. Becker was suddenly transferred to Savannah, Georgia, where he died a few months ago, unwept, unhonored and unsung by you.

Another document this clerical priest of the Propaganda found in the archives had reference to this magazine, a copy of which he found marked in many passages. It was the first time he had seen it, and he said he eagerly devoured its contents; for the revelations contained in your letters and in other bishops', regarding the inner workings of the Roman Church, had disgusted him, and he longed for deliverance from such a mass of corruption.

He found a way in the encouragement held out to priests in this work that I have been doing, and he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape and come to this country. He was an Englishman, a priest of the Benedictine Order, and had occupied a position of learning and responsibility in your Church. He is now engaged in teaching and writing for a livelihood, and is as happy as the average mortal can be who has had the misfortune of being brought up in the superstitions and corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church.

During these days of commemoration of the twenty-first anniversary of this work I do not wish to sound a minor key or send forth a doleful sound regarding the obstacles and difficulties I have had to encounter and the persecutions inflicted on me. I have avoided all reference to these matters, which the well informed know are incidental to a work of this kind. Dr. Burrell said it is an awful place to put a man, and those who know what it is by experience will agree with him. But I have not complained, even when tempted to do so by the example of the Apostle Paul. His persecutions came from the Jews, whom he attacked with vigor. They were his own people, and the fight was all in the family. The baser sort of Roman Catholics would do me all the injury possible if they could escape the law, and I have no doubt you, Cardinal, would give them abso-

lution if they put me in prison, like Paul, and you would obtain for them a plenary indulgence with a passport to heaven if they could put me out of the way altogether.

But these considerations have not moved me. I know there are many Catholics who respect the work I am doing in presenting a better, a surer way of salvation for their souls than I could do as a priest of their Church; and even the better sort of priests do not hesitate to say privately that there is need of such a work. Knowing this, I have kept up courage all these years and have pressed on in the good cause, and the results have justified the course I have pursued.

But another reason, a supreme one, that induced me to avoid murmurings has been the consciousness that God was in this movement. If it was my work it would have come to nought. Gamaliel had warned the Jews to beware of their opposition to the work of the Christian disciples. "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." They did not heed, and we know what have been the consequences of their stubbornness and wickedness. So with the men whom God called out of the Roman Catholic Church—Wycliffe, Savonarola, Huss, and hundreds of others. So with the work of Luther and Knox and all who have come out of the darkness and superstition of Romanism to proclaim the Gospel of the Son of God. It is vain to fight against the light and truth. Thus the work that I am engaged in has the sanction of precedent for its success. God is in it, and He shall prevail.

I am well aware of the small, insignificant part I have in this glorious work of breaking the chains that bind the souls of the people to the false doctrines of the Roman Church, and lifting up Christ before their eyes that He might draw them to Himself. But I have done what I could. I can say with Paul, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It has done so much for me that the cry of my heart is, What return shall I make unto the Lord for all He has bestowed upon me? All I can do is to render such service as I am capable of. That is not much, but it is like the widow's mite, the best I had, all I have. I have kept to the work for twenty one years as a missionary and evangelist; for, like Paul, I was not sent to baptize, but to preach the Gospel; not to do church or denominational work, but to make known to the Catholic people that there was salvation from God for every seeking sinner who would call upon the name of the Lord Jesus.

In such a work, as Paul again says, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence. He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

Thus the case stands, Cardinal. God is on our side; the Pope on yours and Corrigan's with his million. Who shall prevail?

Yours truly, JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

A Distinguished Lady Speaks at the Twenty-first Anniversary.



Countess Adeline Schimmelmänn.

The Countess Adeline Schimmelmänn, who delivered an address at Masonic Temple, Sunday evening, May 20, at the anniversary services of the Reformed Catholic Work, was born in Denmark, and for several years was a favorite and companion of Queen Augusta who, later, became the first German Empress. Soon after her conversion the Empress asked her to visit some of the prisons and tell her of the condition of the inmates. As a result of that work and of a visit paid to Rugen, where the condition of the fishermen excited her sympathy, she began to spend much of her time and means on work among the poor. This action aroused great opposition from her family, her mother having been a Roman Catholic. They went so far as to have her kidnapped in Copenhagen, and confined in an establishment for insane people. God, however, delivered her from this place, and since then she has completely left behind her wealth and honor and luxury, and has traveled many thou-

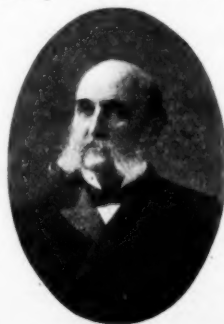
sands of miles in her yacht "Duen" preaching the Gospel and relieving the destitute among the Scandinavians, Germans and English-speaking people.

After a lengthy stay in Canada, she has spent several months in this city, where her words and work have been greatly blessed of God to thousands of people of all classes of society. Her interest in the conversion of Roman Catholics is very great, and she sees the dangers to this country from the increasing power of the Roman Church. Her voice of warning will have a good effect, and rouse up Protestant Americans to a realization of the perils which the distinguished lady unhesitatingly declares to exist now. These dangers from the Roman Catholic Church are a source of anxiety to Countess Schimmelmänn, who dearly loves our great Republic and would see it preserved from this great enemy of civil and religious liberty.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey at Masonic Temple, Sunday, May 21.

The closing exercise of the Anniversary Services in connection with Mr. O'Connor's work will be held in Masonic Temple, Sunday evening, May 27, when the beloved Gospel singer, Ira D. Sankey, will speak and sing in his great lecture, "Sacred Song and Story."

Mr. O'Connor first met Mr. Sankey at Mr. Moody's conference for Bible study in Northfield twenty years ago,



Ira D. Sankey.

and the gifted Gospel singer comes now to this closing service of the Anniversary meetings to express his appreciation of the work that Mr. O'Connor has been doing.